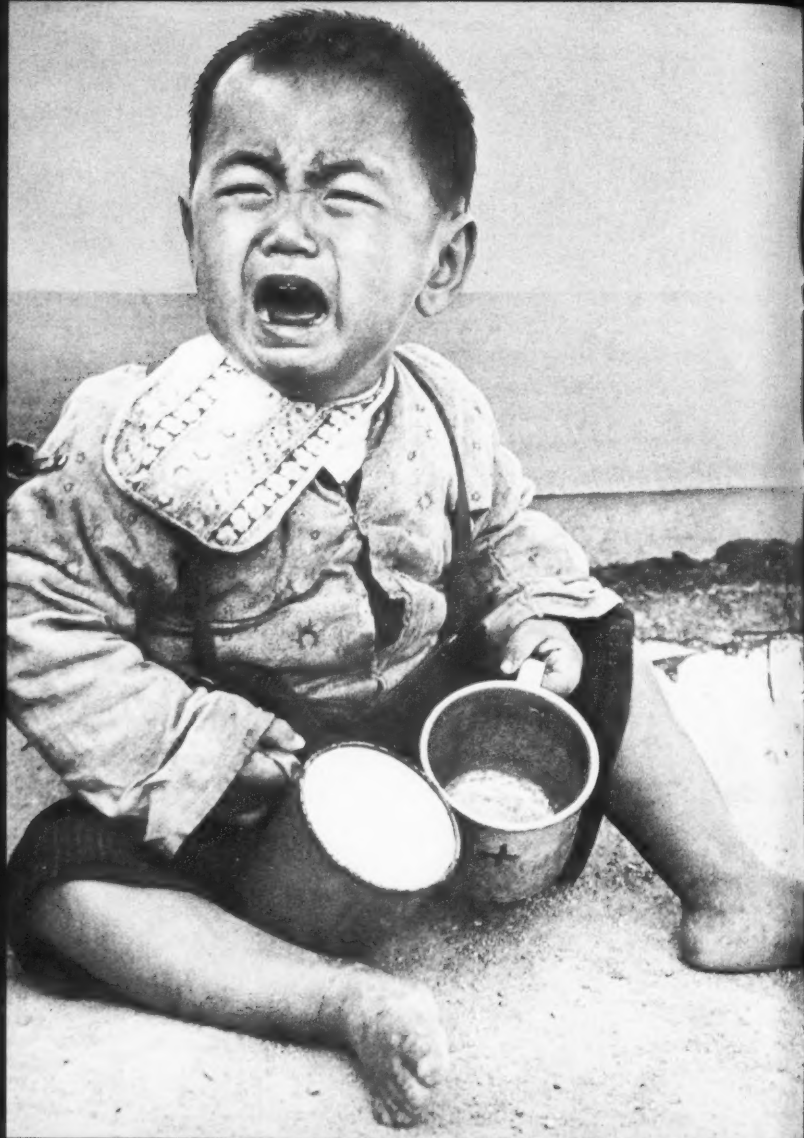


DECEMBER 1941

Maryknoll



A Blessed Christmas to Our Friends!



All the knowledge in the world is not worth a child's tears.

—FEDOR DOSTOEVSKI

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FOCUS on the features

● the cardinal says "amigos!"

Lima may be miles 'n miles from Boston, but it will be a long time before 12,000 slum dwellers forget the booming voice and warm generosity of Cardinal Cushing. Story of visit, page 20.

● no time for foxholes

Taiwan's Father Bill Richardson interviews Chinese guerrillas who fought the Reds for eleven years. Page 54.

● noel around the world

A photo-story in color illustrates the essential unity of God's great family, as diverse peoples prepare to kneel again at the Christmas Crib. Page 46.

● no biz like snow biz

For most Americans, a blizzard is an unavoidable calamity. For some Japanese, it's a three-day festival. Page 2.

...as we go to press

Maryknoll is always happy to share significant honors—particularly those bestowed upon us unexpectedly. A case in point occurred October 25 when at Columbia University in New York City, Father Albert J. Nevins, editor of Maryknoll, received a Maria Moors Cabot gold medal; and this magazine was presented with a Maria Moors Cabot silver plaque. Established by the Trustees of Columbia University, the coveted prizes are awarded annually for outstanding journalistic achievements which advance friendship in this hemisphere.



Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.**

**"...to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."**

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**



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Vol. LV No. 11

December, 1961



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Ibari Snow Festival

*The bigger the blizzard,
the happier are the people.*

SNOW TO MOST Americans is a nuisance to be endured, but the Japanese of Hokkaido look forward to the first big blizzard as the occasion of their annual snow festival.

Hokkaido is Japan's northernmost island—a pioneering, frontier land. The people are hardy and adaptable to the rigors of life. Farming, timbering and fishing are the main occupations.

Maryknollers staff a number of missions in Hokkaido. One of them, Father Donald J. Vittengl, of Lake George, New York, himself comes from a land of cold and big snows. He gathered this set of pictures to illustrate how the people among whom he works react to Hokkaido's house-high snow.

Faces in a blizzard. These people are listening to the mayor of Ibari speak. Japan's version (right) of our hot dog stand markets chestnuts.





As happy as Hawaiians on a beach are these Hokkaido boys in a snow pile.

Each festival begins with a parade. Schools and other groups take part.



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Tribute to America. Prizes are given for the best snow creation. High-school students fashioned this representation of the Statue of Liberty.





A pair of skiers



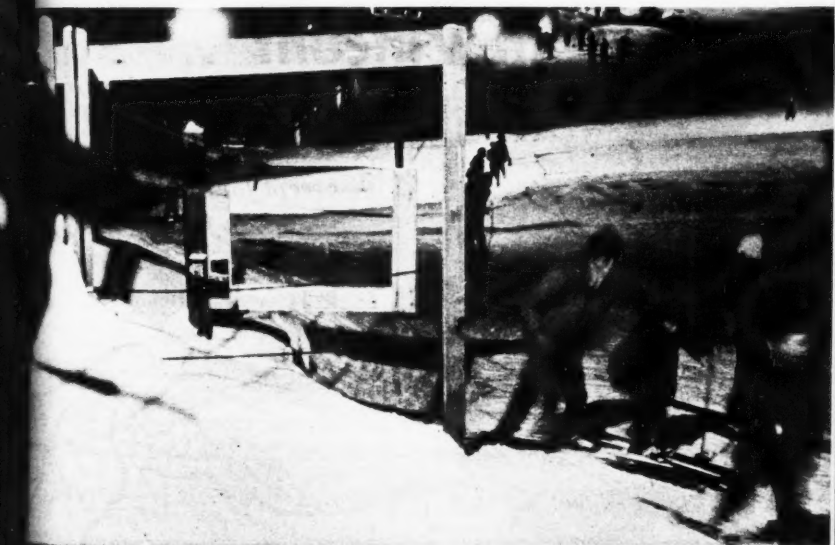
Despite snow, there are games for the youngsters.

Boy
beco

Late
has



Boy Scouts parade down Ibari's main street. There are few spectators, because practically every person in Ibari is taking part in the festival.



Late into the night the festivities go on. This packed-down hillside has become a ski slope. The cold is intense but no one seems to mind it.

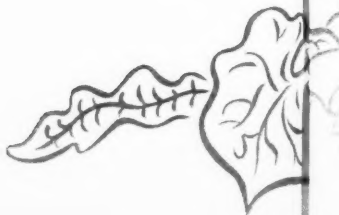


*All the people
of Lambog
waited patiently
to have their
first fiesta.
Everything was ready—*

Saint Vincent **Rides the Tide**

*except for
the main figure!*

By William J. Galvin, M.M.



IT WAS to be the first fiesta in Lambog. Many preparations were necessary. A public meeting of the people was called in the mountain barrio in the Province of Davao, on the island of Mindanao in the southern Philippines. The group quickly reached some unanimous decisions.

First, wood had to be cut from the forests to build a new chapel. It had to be the best, for it would be God's house in Lambog for many, many years to come.

Second, a bell must be bought in order that the people might be called to worship God. It had to be a big bell, in order to be heard all over the mountainside.

Third, a statue of the patron, San Vicente Ferrer, must be ordered. It could not be small, as that would not be fitting for such an important occasion. It must be life-size, so that visitors might know the devotion of the people of Lambog to their patron, Saint Vincent.

Finally, arrangements had to be made for the fiesta Mass. A delegation headed by the barrio's headman, Antonio Esperacion, came to our house to invite the priest.

"*Pari*, will you come and offer Mass for us on the Fiesta of San Vicente?" he asked. "There will be many children who are not yet children of God. And some of their parents wish to have their marriages blessed."

"Gladly!" I answered. "When will it be?"

"September 25, *Pari*!"

"Fine, I will come on the 24th," I promised.

"Oh, *Pari*, will you get us a life-size statue of San Vicente? And also a bell?"



"That will be very expensive," I said, knowing their meager means.

"That's all right, *Pari*. We will make sacrifices."

Both the statue and bell had to be ordered from Cebu. The coastal area around Lambog is somewhat isolated. It is cut off from the rest of Mindanao by a range of mountains to the west, and borders the vast Pacific on the east. There are no connecting roads, and travel is by boat, horse, ox or on foot. The usual way to reach the area is by forty-foot outrigger canoes that are equipped with outboard motors.

Patiently the people waited. When September 25 came, however, neither the statue or the bell had arrived. The people were disappointed, but tried not to show it. They postponed their fiesta until October 20. No San Vicente, no fiesta.

October 20 came and so did the bell, but no San Vicente. A telegram of inquiry to Cebu brought back the sad news that a fire had destroyed the statue while it awaited shipment. A new one would not be ready until late in November.

The people again were greatly disappointed, but had no choice except to postpone their plans a second time. They would wait until November 25 for their fiesta.

On November 15, word came that San Vicente had arrived in Davao from Cebu, and would be shipped immediately on the next boat. We waited. The 20th passed, but San Vicente did not come. One, two, three more long but uneventful days went by.

We got restless. So did the blue Pacific. The *amihan*, or northwind, howled. The surf rose and fell; the waves rolled higher. The rains came.

But no ships came. November 25 came, but San Vicente did not. The people were very, very disappointed.

Finally, on the morning of December 3, the feast of the patron of missions, Saint Francis Xavier, a ship was sighted off the point. It was the *San Alfonso* from Davao. San Vicente had arrived!

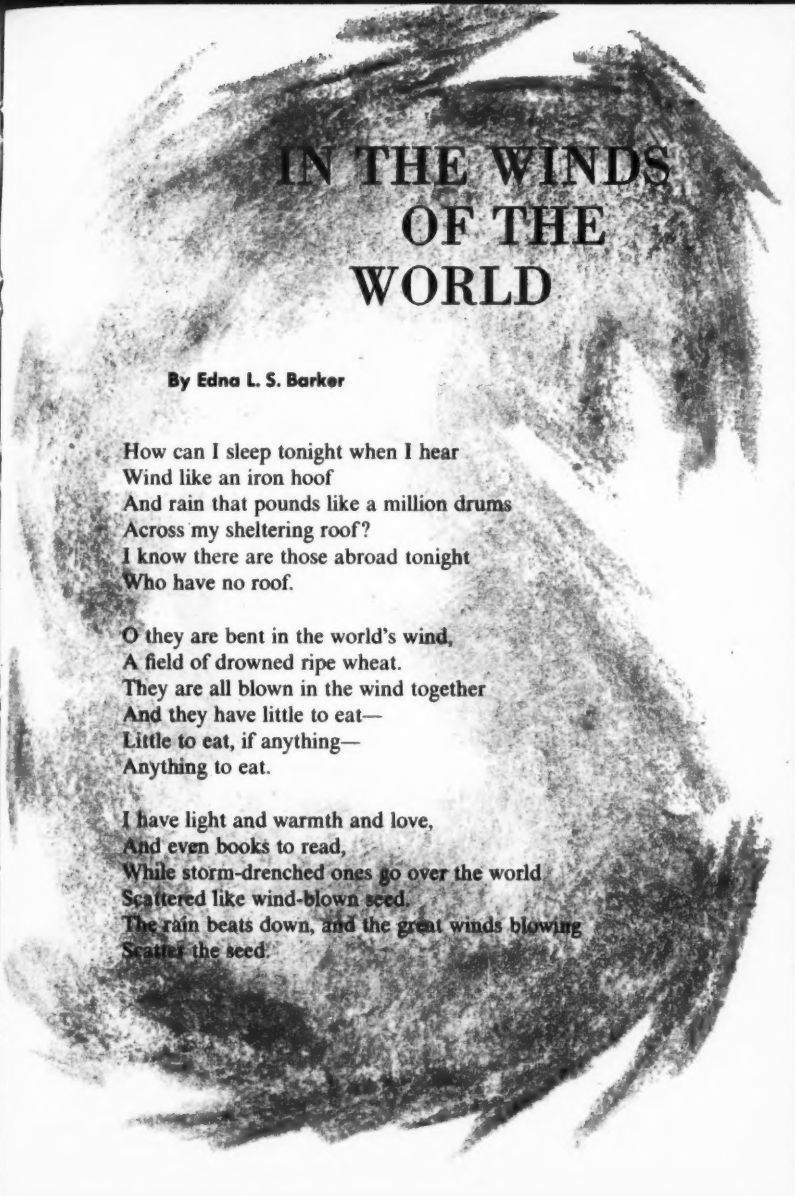
We waited anxiously for the ship to anchor in the bay. The waters grew patient, too. This was fortunate, because we have no pier. All cargoes must be first unloaded into small whaling boats. Then, near the shore, broad-shouldered young men dressed in bathing trunks wade into the surf, and carry the cargoes to the beach. In this way San Vicente, patron of Lambog, arrived at last.

Bright and early the next day, San Vicente started on his last journey, up the mountain. He was strapped securely to the back of a barefoot lad, much as a child is strapped to its mother's back. Two other youths walked at each side, slightly behind San Vicente, ready to help if needed.

Next came two more youths carrying the bell. I followed them. Our distance was only ten miles, but it took five hours for the procession to wind up and down the mountain trails.

At times I doubted that San Vicente would ever come through the arduous journey in one piece. But somehow or other he made it safely. The waiting people, of course, never doubted that he would. After all, San Vicente is their patron.

The fiesta proved successful, a time of many graces and great happiness for all. To me it was outstanding, for no less than ten families of a local tribe were baptized. *Viva San Vicente!* ■ ■



IN THE WINDS OF THE WORLD

By Edna L. S. Barker

How can I sleep tonight when I hear
Wind like an iron hoof
And rain that pounds like a million drums
Across my sheltering roof?
I know there are those abroad tonight
Who have no roof.

O they are bent in the world's wind,
A field of drowned ripe wheat.
They are all blown in the wind together
And they have little to eat—
Little to eat, if anything—
Anything to eat.

I have light and warmth and love,
And even books to read,
While storm-drenched ones go over the world
Scattered like wind-blown seed.
The rain beats down, and the great winds blowing
Scatter the seed.



RIENDLY FOLK

TO MOST outsiders the Guatemalan Indian appears reserved and sometimes even hostile. This is but his defense against a world that has treated him unkindly. For many centuries the Indian was exploited and left in poverty. However, once the Indian's confidence is won, he opens up wholeheartedly. Maryknollers have found the highland Indians to be the friendliest of people, anxious to hear the word of God so long denied to them.

Peppermint stripes mark Indians of Todos Santos with Father T. Melville.



Highland smile



Mam village elders of Soloma take part in a Corpus Christi celebration.



Something of interest attracts Father Henry Murphy and Indian mother.

**Grinding corn for tortillas
is Maria's everyday chore.**



Proud Indian parents. This young man serves the mission as catechist.





Communion breakfast à la Guatemala. Father Depew is the chaplain. Young Indians from Chichicastenango (below). Todos Santos (right).





The Cardinal Comes



Many children greeting Cardinal Cushing once lacked clothes for school.

Poverty measures progress by a declining rate of starvation.

THE thought that "God must love the poor, because He made so many of them," explains the name for one of the poorest sections of Lima, Peru—City of God. When Cardinal Cushing visited there to bless a new Maryknoll parish, he found 12,000 people crowded together in houses without running water or electricity.

At that, conditions in the City of

God are better now than before Father William R. McCarthy, M.M., began to work there. Then the people lived in tents. Deaths from starvation were so common that a city truck was dispatched to pick up corpses daily.

The City of God still is no paradise, but Father McCarthy has restored a measure of hope. Drawing on the resources of Catholic Relief Services, he

S

to the City of God



Women of parish help Father McCarthy with breakfast for 400 youngsters.

started programs to distribute food, clothing and medicines to the neediest families. Every morning, too, the parish gives a breakfast of powdered milk, buns and bread to some 400 children. For many it is the best meal of the day.

The hopes of the people were further raised by Cardinal Cushing. He blessed a new parish center and demonstrated his personal concern for the poor by

making a generous contribution to the parish fund, to be used in social projects which will provide employment for idle workers.

"The most urgent need for the poor is work," says Father McCarthy. "Work makes for self respect, peace, honesty, and happiness. Poverty is like a disease. Empty plates make for unhappiness, sickness, disease and death."

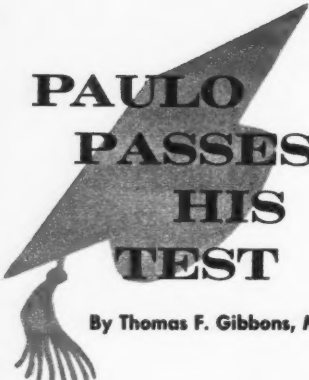


On Main Street in the City of God, families of eight and ten persons live in a single room. Faucet at end of street is only source of water.



Parishioners handle distribution of surplus food from the United States to Lima's poor. (Right) Cardinal Cushing blesses a new parish center.





PAULO PASSES HIS TEST

By Thomas F. Gibbons, M.M.

cialized in educating older youths. He quit his job and began at the beginning, grade one. Eight years later, at age twenty-seven, he graduated, with a permit to teach in the lower grades.

He taught for eleven years. Then the war clouds of 1938 cast their shadow even on East Africa, forcing all Africans to return to their places of origin. So Paulo walked back to Sukumaland.

In Tanganyika officials refused to give him a teacher's certificate, because his academic background was too limited. Instead, because of the lack of qualified teachers in the territory, they issued a "tolerated permit," whereby Paulo could teach in the lower standards. Then, eight years later, the Government announced that the number of qualified teachers had increased, and therefore all personnel without official certificates were to be replaced.

Paulo was on the verge of losing his job until one official happened to check his record—comparing the examination grades of his pupils at Kilulu with the grades of students taught by certified teachers. So impressive were the findings that the Educational Services made an unprecedented exception and allowed Paulo to retain his position. A few months later, he was named head teacher of our primary school.

Today Paulo is a sort of African "Mr. Chips." His reputation as teacher, counselor, and Christian extends far beyond Kilulu, deep into bush country. When someone reminds him of this, he simply shakes his head in disbelief. Then he smiles and says that one fine day he, Paulo, will return to the bush of his childhood, and spend his last years watching cows and chasing birds. ■■

AT KILULU, a picturesque mission in the heart of Tanganyika's Sukumaland, much of the activity centers around the Maryknoll primary school, due to Paulo, the head teacher.

Paulo is one who communicates knowledge to his pupils, and at the same time, enkindles within them a spirited dedication to Christ.

From illiterate rags to academic riches, was a grueling struggle for Paulo. Today, however, his leonine head and gray hair bespeak only serene dignity.

Until he was fifteen, he lived in the bush and spent his days watching cows and chasing birds, quite indifferent to the world that lay beyond the prairies of yellow grass. Then one day, on impulse, he cut himself a strong staff and began walking east, into the sun—to the Mecca of Kenya, called Nairobi.

The city enthralled him, but he could not help envying the small children of Nairobi, who could read books and write their names so effortlessly. For several years Paulo worked at menial jobs, and then he discovered in the suburbs a mission school that spe-



EXPLOITATION takes many forms, and not all of it is from colonial powers. This picture from Southeast Asia reminds us that opportunity and the goods of the world need a more equitable division. The poor of the world cry for justice.



hong kong jottings

*A new missionary from the United States records
some of the strange and unusual events he meets
while adjusting to a new and different way of life.*

By Eugene A. Thalman, M.M.

Eat a Cigar

Learning a new language is like jumping into a tub of cold water. One takes a while to get used to the sudden change. We are like two-year-old babies mispronouncing "ma ma." Chinese is based on a musical system of tones. Three words pronounced exactly the same, but on different pitches, mean three different things. "Tong" means "soup," "if," and "paradise." The wrong pitch would find Adam and Eve in a Garden of Soup! The Chinese don't smoke a cigar; they "eat smoke." In meeting someone, a Chinese says, "Elder Brother, what is your honorable name?" The answer is "My good-for-nothing name is Jones."

The School Was Red

The British Government gave permission for the building of an apartment in "Nine Little Dragons" resettlement area. Upon completion, the Communists turned it into a school.

The Government asked us Maryknoll Fathers to give the Reds some competition and build a primary-and-secondary school. This year marked our second graduation ceremony. The total school enrollment in the past year was 1,511. Over 93 per cent of the students passed the school-certificate examinations. Two out of the five top students in the colony were ours.

Maryknoll Fathers have three other schools and two more on the way.

Chinese Babies Are Not Beautiful

• • • • •

"What a beautiful baby!" I said to the mother carrying the child on her back. From the look I received, this was a big mistake. The pagan Chinese mother is just as superstitious as her American counterpart who avoids black cats and hates to spill salt.

In the old days, when the devil was more respected, mothers feared having their children complimented lest the devil would become envious and steal the child. To fool the devil, the proper compliment is: "What an ugly little shrimp."

What's Saa Funny?

• • • • •

It is a custom for a new missionary to adopt a Chinese name. I received Saa Seung Mon—Sand-Esteem-Literature. There are only a hundred Chinese last names. It took a week to learn mine.

Then a startling discovery was made. The adults smiled, the children giggled at my new name. It seems the original Saa had led a wild and riotous life.

My new name is T'o Mon. T'o was a distinguished poet. I'm glad to be out of that "other" family.

Shake Hands With the Devil

• • • • •

Father William Downs, of Erie, Pennsylvania, wished subtly to discover whether the man with whom he was talking was a Christian. He asked, "What is your holy name?" The man

beat around the bush for a few minutes. Finally Father Downs asked, "Is it Lucifer?" A look of relief came over the man's face: "Yes, that's it!"

Operation Doorknock

• • • • •

"Now that those catechumens are baptized, how are we going to get more?" Father Dempsey asked at the last parish meeting. "The same as last time, Father," was the reply. And so fortified by a week of evening Masses, 185 adults and teen-agers are pounding on the doors (no doorbells here) and inviting more to take instruction. One hundred and thirty signed up the first day.

A Chinese Picnic

• • • • •

We took the Children of Mary for an outing the other day. It was the first time I ate boiled noodles on a picnic.

Within view, was the peaceful river that separates the free world from Communist China. According to reports, the people in China are down to between three and six ounces of rice a day. Those unable to work don't receive even that. They never taste meat.

Despite their own poverty, our refugees try to send money and food to relatives in China. But because of Red taxes, unjust money exchange, and pilfering, only a fraction is received. No wonder the people leave. Recently nine men escaped to Hong Kong in a refrigerator car. There are still over 500,000 squatters in Hong Kong who prefer poverty to life in Red China. ●

A CHATA FOR THE CHURCH



*If a missionary is in the middle
of a building program, and funds
are dwindling, is it logical
to think about sugar cane?*

By Leo J. Sommer, M.M.

HERE IN Bolivia's vast, fertile province of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, sugar cane and rice are the principal crops. Of course, our farmers grow corn, coffee, citrus fruit, and some of the finest cotton in the world—all of which contribute to the gross productivity of the region—but sugar cane and rice are the largest annual crops.

During recent years, the growing of cane and the refining of sugar in this agricultural heartland have developed rapidly. Partly responsible for the acceleration is the fact that, not very long ago, the Bolivian Development Company, a corporation subsidized by the Bolivian Government, erected a modern refinery on the outskirts of the town of Montero, thirty-five miles north of Santa Cruz. Local farmers reacted to this profitable industry by doubling and tripling the acreage of sugar cane—to so great an extent, and with such gusto, that within months the supply of cane surpassed the capacity of the local refinery.

To solve in an equitable fashion, the acute and potentially dangerous problem of oversupply, the supervisor of the refinery assigned parity quotas for the Montero cane growers, so that each would have an equal opportunity to sell cane to the refinery according to his acreage. After meeting their quotas locally, the farmers agreed to ship the balance of their crops to smaller, more distant refineries.

The pastor of the Montero parish, Maryknoll's Father Denis P. Browne—of Vallejo, California—has been watching these developments closely, even though he is obviously not a cane grower. In fact, his principal preoccupation is construction, rather than agriculture. For two years he has been

fighting an uphill battle, trying to complete a new church, school, and rectory.

Father Browne's parishioners are generous in supporting his construction program. Nevertheless, like missionaries everywhere, he is constantly on the watch for ingenious methods of collecting and saving money.

For example, in his current program, Father Browne is cutting costs considerably by manufacturing his own building bricks and mosaic floor tiles in a small, abandoned, brick factory at the edge of town. He carried this unusual do-it-yourself approach one step further by convincing fifteen restless youths of the parish, and two muscular platoons of men from the local Army garrison, that the best possible way for them to spend their free time is by laying the bricks and tiles on a "volunteer labor" basis.

Thus it was with shrewd experience in earning a dollar here and saving a dollar there, and the hope of doing so again, that Father Browne studied the system of delivering sugar cane to the Montero Refinery.

He observed that most farmers transport their raw cane to the refinery in specially designed, tractor-drawn wagons, called *chatas*. As each *chata* is received at the gate, its weight is measured and marked against the owner's allotted quota for the day. To standardize the operation, all cane received at the refinery is weighed and credited in five-ton lots.

Although our farmers have keen eyes for judging the weight of sugar cane, it is quite impossible for them, day after day, to hit the five-ton mark exactly. Usually they weigh in just a bit over the limit — perhaps no more

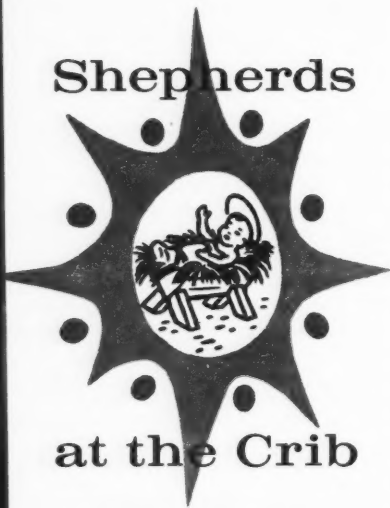
than a few stalks of cane. Those extra stalks, the priest noticed, were invariably pitched from the *chatas* as discard while the loads were being weighed, only to be trampled underfoot and later carted to a trash heap.

His bills were mounting and his funds dwindling, so Father Browne devised a means of using the discarded sugar-cane stalks to acquire a few dollars for the construction project. After winning the approval of the Farmers' Association, he applied for and received a cane quota for the Church. Next, he parked an old, dilapidated parish wagon beside the weighing platform at the refinery. With the consent of the farmers and the cooperation of refinery workers, the excess stalks of cane are now tossed from the *chatas* into the parish wagon. Each time Father Browne's wagonload of stalks reaches the five-ton limit, it is wheeled onto the platform, weighed, and credited to the parish account.

Admittedly this is a simple system — advantageous to the Church, and yet not an economic burden on any individual. The farmers don't think twice about a few stalks of cane pitched from their overloaded *chatas*; nor does the small cane quota prescribed for the Church denigrate the much-larger quotas allotted to the farmers.

Because of Father Browne's quick reflexes and calculating mind, tons of "waste" cane are being put to use, and a few more dollars are being added daily to the parish building fund. His wagonloads will not produce enough revenue to complete the construction or solve all the parish financial problems. But as the old saying goes, "Every little bit helps"—even if it is only a *chata* for the Church. ■■

Shepherds



at the Crib

By Felix Fournier, M.M.

MANGERS, sheep, cows, donkeys, straw, and infants are parts of Inez Mendoza's world. With complete attention, Inez, his wife, Maria, and their three boys stood during the retelling of the Nativity story at the Christmas Midnight Mass in the Maryknoll church in Huehuetenango, Guatemala.

Father Hugo M. Gerbermann, of Nada, Texas, was celebrant. He recalled to his listeners how the angels from on high had announced the great news to the shepherds rather than to the preoccupied townspeople of Bethlehem.

Shepherds? The Huehuetenango church was overflowing with shepherds.

Preoccupied townspeople? Outside, they made bedlam in the crowded plaza—skyrockets; firecrackers; loud-

speakers calling bingo games, hissing pressure lanterns over stands where anxious women prepared great, steaming caldrons of stew.

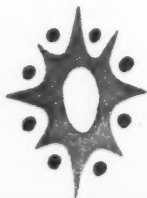
The tender mystery of Christmas touched them all, saints and sinners.

There were 811 Communion at the Midnight Mass. Afterwards Inez and Maria took the children to the pine-decked crib and in whispers told the story again. The two older boys, Juan, six, and Mario, five, were enchanted. "Look, Mama, the cow! The sheep! The Baby in the corn box!" The boys were wearing their Christmas presents: new denim trousers and white shirts.

The shepherds straggled out of the church to the plaza to buy the hot chicken stew and tortillas for soaking it up. Inez greeted his friends with a "Merry Christmas!" and a big bear hug. The women chatted and laughed while the children ate.

The handle of the Big Dipper swung low. The country people finally retired from the plaza, seeking a roof for the night or starting to walk home.

Inez Mendoza, with his wife and three boys, paid six cents to pass the night under cover at the rustic inn of Senor Felix. The moon had long set before they were finally settled. ■■



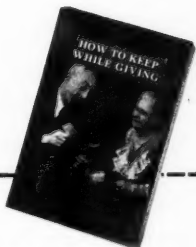
Will you depend
on them later—
or a Maryknoll
Annuity?



This young father proudly looks down at his twin sons and only he and God know what thoughts fill his mind. Will Billy be an engineer? Will David follow Dad's path as an accountant?

But, what about Dad and Mother? What do the retirement years promise them? Will they have to depend on their sons in their old age? No parent wants that. Our FREE booklet explaining a Maryknoll Annuity can answer all these questions and more. Learn how you can invest in Maryknoll's future and your retirement.

Send for our FREE booklet — today!



The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

12-61

Dear Fathers,

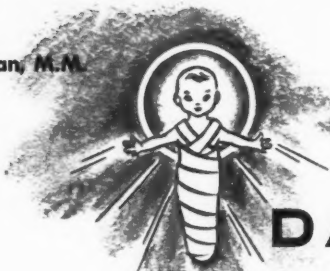
Without any obligation, please send me your FREE booklet explaining a Maryknoll Annuity.

Name

Street

City Zone State

By Henry J. Madigan, M.M.



DAY OF 8

WE say: "A Happy Christmas to you all!"
The Chinese say: "We rejoice with you on anniversary of the Holy Birth."
So with a twin birth of the East and West
We humbly attempt to put a picture before your eyes.

One picture is worth a thousand words, it's said.
Or would Confucius agree that one good word creates a thousand pictures?
Christ's one word has given birth to more pictures than the eye can see,

Than the tongue can speak,
Than the mind can hold.

This is our picture came from that one word: "Baptize!"
The picture in your mind is of a baby born and life beginning.
The picture before your eye is water on the brow

And the word becoming deed.

In Maryknoll missions around the world,
Priests have poured that water many hundreds of thousands of times.

But only some were babes.

So many think that we look for one who wills a belief in God,
Baptize him, then go our way and find another to tally up the score.

But a missionary's work is so much more than the pouring of the waters.
Each adult found is measured in months and months of daily teaching,

Or walking miles or bicycle pushing,
Or doctrine quizzes, or investigation of impediments,
And preaching.

BIRTH



EVERY baptism is a new commitment with constant vigilance the norm.

Does he attend his Sunday Mass?

Are there idols in the home?

Was he born again or just baptized?

Does Sunday mean the Sacraments?

With their baptism many are born into the Church
And the missionary is baptized into their trials.

A husband ill, a child dies.

Medicine? Employment? Family feuds?

Temptations of the temples?

He who pours the water makes a picture of two births.
While his other consolations are few,
He knows the joy of extending the image of his own baptism
Into his people's hearts.

We would like you to know

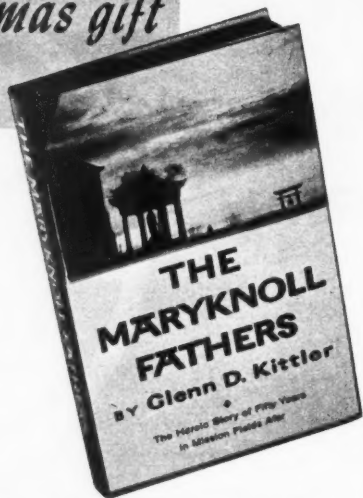
The pictures in our words

When we say

We rejoice with you on this anniversary of the Holy Birth.

*Your Christmas gift
Starts here...*

*...and goes
on for a
whole year
of wonderful
reading...
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Little Mothers

By Paul J. Brien, M.M.

BABY carrying on Taiwan is the equivalent of baby sitting in America. When Lim Siu Hong is given the task of caring for Lim Tai Beng, her brother, she does what other girls all over the island do. Rather than stay home, she carries him on her back while playing with the other children.

Siu Hong, twelve, is typical of Taiwanese children who look after younger brothers and sisters. Their age matters

little. Children no more than six or seven carry the youngest infants on their backs.

Tai Beng is indifferent to the whole affair. He loves to ride on his sister's back. If he gets tired, he just falls asleep.

We pray that the Mother of God will protect these little mothers. As smaller tots are entrusted to their care, so we entrust them to her care. ■ ■

Editorial

Meaning of Christmas

Usually when we think of the great figures of history, we visualize them at the height of their powers. It is only Jesus Christ who can draw His followers to a musty cave in a forgotten village to worship a Baby in a manger.

Christmas basically is a missionary feast. It marks the coming of Christ to earth to proclaim the kingdom of God. The Magi who followed the star are representative of all the people of the world.

The mission of Christ was the salvation of all mankind. This is the mission of His Church now. It is the mission of every Catholic. We celebrate the Feast of Christmas to honor this great purpose. If we understand this, Christmas means more than presents. It is time for rededication.

Sacrifice of the Poor

During this holiday season, it would be good to ponder the lesson contained in Sister Marie Thomas' story on page 39. We receive from our missionaries many examples of poor people who sacrifice things they really need for persons whom they consider in more need than themselves. We who are blessed with such abundant goods can easily forget the personal disasters caused by the lack of a few basic necessities.

Who Owns What?

One of the more important moral problems facing the Catholic social scientists today is a formulation of Catholic thought on the rights to the goods of nature. For a long time, it was held that these rights are absolute and subject to no intrinsic limitations. But is it possible that God created the wealth of the world for the use of only certain more fortunate persons?

Saint Thomas Aquinas believed that the right of property is not an end in itself, but is a means. It was for this reason that he taught that the use of natural wealth is a common use. Pope Pius XII considered this subject in many of his discourses. He said that natural goods can be privately owned but this "cannot emancipate itself from the first and fundamental right which concedes their use to all men."

The question is important because of its many implications. It affects not only private property but even national sovereignty. If the right to private ownership of natural goods is not an end but a means for guaranteeing their use to all, what happens when a people fail to use natural wealth for the good of all?

Japan went into a war because as a have-not nation she wished to gain sources of raw material denied her. The basic condition remains today. The problems involved are not simple; they need the attention of our best minds.

We got a spade for Christmas



That's what we got. The Madres from Maryknoll told us they wish they had a spade so that they could start digging in the Lord's vineyard. Couldn't you give them a spade?

With your generous support a Maryknoll Sister can help take the good news of Christ's love to the ends of the earth.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... my gift to the Christ Child—to help a Maryknoll Sister take the good news of Him to the whole world.

Name

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

Precious Peach Blossom

By Sister
Marie Thomas



PRECIOUS PEACH BLOSSOM was eight years old with a Dutch haircut. Eight years old with a little sister and brother at home, and a mother who ran off with somebody else two years ago. Her father paints ships when there are any ships in Hong Kong to be painted, and tramps the street looking for work at other times.

Peach Blossom cooked the food when there was any, wiped Little Sister's perpetually running nose, carried Little Brother when she went to fetch water from the common taps where several hundred families replenished their tins cans. She took time out two hours a day and walked two miles to Maryknoll Boys and Girls Club.

Here I guided her dirty little hand over the paper, as she learned to write and figure; put tattered books before

her solemn eyes, and tried to bring a smile into play around the sober little mouth. Peach Blossom, like the many other ragamuffins in Hong Kong, learned to read and write but never mastered the art of lighthearted laughter.

Small wonder. She came to school one Wednesday with her right cheek so puffed that she talked out of the corner of her mouth. "Mumps!" I said, and brought her to Sister Maria Fidelis, our doctor. Sister took one look inside her mouth and shuddered. The inside of her cheek and her gums were a mass of infection. Three teeth had decayed straight through to the roots; the others were a shambles of decay.

Peach Blossom winced as the stinging medicine rolled over those ugly sores, but she gave no whimper of pain.

A bottle of milk was drunk avidly, but we saw the grimy hand stow all the cookies into her pocket.

"For Sai Lo," she explained.

"Little Brother can have others," Sister Maria Fidelis said. "You eat those, Peach Blossom."

"No," she countered. "For Little Sister, too."

"You eat those," Sister insisted. "We'll get some for Little Sister."

It was then we learned that all the vitamins and food she got at school went home to her brother and sister.

Peach Blossom was sick all over from the infection. She was definitely green around the mouth and dark around the eyes. We hired a taxi and took her home to the *daai-ha* (big house) where each ten-by-twelve-foot room houses an average of five persons. Each *daai-ha* holds 2,500 persons.

Peach Blossom's father is a good father; his children love him. When he is at home they cling to his legs or climb to his lap. But he is a man looking for work, not a housekeeper. Peach Blossom did her best. Yet how much strength has an eight-year-old girl to clean the room, wash the clothes, take care of her brother and sister, and keep things neat? It was enough if she could haul water and fuel to cook the rice.

Sister and I put Peach Blossom into "bed." It was very simple; we just laid her on a pile of rags in the corner. No night clothes, no sheets, no blanket. We asked the woman next door to look in now and then until the father got home. We promised we would be back. At the end of the week, we thought, the infection would be down, and we could take Precious Peach Blossom to the dentist.

That was Wednesday. Thursday, be-

fore we could visit her, the whole family — father, sister, and brother — brought Precious Peach Blossom to us. She looked greener and more solemn than ever. She sat on a table in our convent, while Sister Maria Fidelis examined the inside of her mouth. She was too apathetic even to wince. A bottle of milk was brought for Little Brother and another for Little Sister. A shot of penicillin for Peach Blossom. The examination ended and the sick child turned to go home.

But not this time. Sister Maria Fidelis spoke to the father. After all, one can't get much food when one is poor in Hong Kong. Rice, hard bread, and tough meat are hard to chew when one's mouth is an open sore inside. The father debated with himself, wondering who would watch the two small children while he sought work. In the end, they took Peach Blossom to the hospital, where she could be cleaned and fed better.

The next day we went to the hospital. Peach Blossom was greener than ever. Sister Maria Fidelis picked up the chart and whispered to me, "Acute leukemia." We remained only a short while, because Peach Blossom was too ill to talk.

Sister and I visited her again on Saturday. She was no better, despite the care she was receiving. Everything possible was being done but the effects of poverty do not fade in a few days.

On Sunday when we called Peach Blossom was receiving a blood transfusion. Tuesday afternoon she hemorrhaged.

"Do you want to be baptized?" Sister Kenny asked.


"Chung-i (I want)," were the last words Peach Blossom spoke. ■ ■

I'M QUITE sure that the average American regards the Philippines as a Catholic country. He may even be able to cite a few statistics, such as the fact that over eighty per cent of the population are baptized. If he describes the work of the missionaries as a quest to win back to Christ nominal Filipino Catholics who have been deprived of the fullness of the Church because of the severe shortage of priests, he is absolutely correct.

What the average American does not know is that recently, in some hinterlands of this island nation, missionaries have stumbled upon thousands of primitive people who have lived for centuries completely isolated from Spanish colonial influence, and hence, Christianity. Members of these tribes are just as imbued with paganism as their non-Christian brothers in India, Africa, or Japan.

Such is the challenge facing Maryknollers in the province of Davao, on Mindanao. Deep in the mountainous interior of Mindanao (the southernmost island in the Philippine complex, and the least developed) Maryknollers, whose primary mission here is to reclaim 280,000 baptized Filipinos, have encountered an estimated 70,000 illiterate tribesmen. They are members of the Aeta, Mansaka, and Mandaya tribes.

These people have an extremely low degree of civilization. Many do not wear clothing. In a constant state of migration, they move from place to place as hunting and fishing become poor. They believe in a Supreme Being, but also make offerings of food and wine to many idols. In their daily lives, most activities are determined by omens. They say they can tell by the




FILIPINOS WITHOUT CHRIST

By Joseph W. Regan, M.M.

call of a certain bird, the *limokon*, whether their hunting ventures will succeed or fail. The males, especially among the Aetas, harbor a constant, irrational fear of ambush. Even while they are eating, their right hands grip the handles of their bolo knives.

A few Maryknollers, in their free time, have established contact with those three "lost" tribes. Last year they baptized eighty Mandayas. This Christmas they will complete a mobile catechetical program, which will be climaxed with the baptism of about 200 adults from all three tribes.

Those people make wonderful Catholics. If a priest is within thirty miles of them, they'll walk the distance to hear Mass. What they want now—and who can blame them?—is a missionary who will live with them as their pastor, speak their languages fluently, and devote himself to their needs completely. Please God, within the next year, their wish will become reality. ■■



MARYKNOLL'S SCHOOL OF THE AIR

*Even writing is taught by radio; no easy task
when the classroom leader himself cannot write!*

TEACHING by radio is in no way a recent discovery. In fact, it is as old as radio broadcasting itself. As an educational medium, radio (and now television) has been used most extensively throughout the world.

The Colombian radio schools, started in 1948 by Father Salcedo, represented the first major Latin-American project to attempt, through a strictly educational-cultural broadcast station, to give the uneducated masses a fundamental education. The radio was the professor; the school started where the

radio was. The essential idea was, and is, to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, health, agriculture, religion, and basic culture by means of radio.

The schools themselves are organized around fixed-frequency radio receivers, usually placed in buildings set aside especially for radio classes. Each school is under the control of a native helper, whose tasks are to assume responsibility for the radio, take attendance, and follow radio instructions in explaining lessons.

In 1954, when the Maryknoll Fathers took over the extensive country parish of Las Penas on the Bolivian high pla-

By Bernard F. Ryan, M.M.

teau (altiplano); 13,000 to 17,000 feet above sea level, they immediately saw the need for mass education among their people. Newly enacted laws of agrarian reform and universal suffrage emphasized the need for a rapid method of mass education in order to help the country dwellers cope with their new freedom and responsibilities. The radio-school-of-the-air was tried as a possible solution.

Radio "San Gabriel" was established at Las Penas, to teach fundamental Christian culture to rural, Aymara-speaking people (*campesinos*). That parish radio school was the forerunner of a national and international chain. The network has seventy schools, connected with Radio "San Gabriel" and also Radio "San Rafael" in Cochabamba.

When the radio schools teach reading, they must teach Spanish at the same time. At least sixty-five per cent of the nonurbanized Aymaras (Indians) do not speak Spanish, and ninety-five per cent cannot read or write Spanish. The reading and Spanish classes of Radio "San Gabriel" follow the flip-charts and workbooks prepared especially for the radio schools. The classes are given from outlines, and depend upon the imagination of each teacher-announcer for their presentation.

Since only one mathematics workbook has been produced, little has been done in this field. However, a complete series is being written to cover a two-year course in simple multiplication and division.

Because of the language difficulty, Bolivian radio schools do not teach

reading and writing together. By using a single workbook, many of the students have learned to write. Teaching writing by radio is unique, especially if even the radio-school Helper does not know how to write.

In the field of agriculture, some success has been achieved with campaigns on farm subjects, through spot-announcements between programs and during the musical programs. In all the radio schools, Four-H Clubs were started, and young students were eager to join. Meetings are held in conjunction with the radio classes. The programs in this field have to be simple, practical, and inexpensive to put into practice.

Health is one of the most important courses, because little modern medicine has found its way into rural life, except for aspirin. The first task of the radio is to teach respect and appreciation for modern medicine and the medical profession. Then come lessons on public health, personal health, and good diet. The radio has helped several times with campaigns for vaccination against smallpox.

A daily program based on the Spanish-Aymara catechism consists of learning prayers and the answers to questions given. These classes are conducted by the Aymaran announcer. To help him, a larger catechism is being planned. It will contain explanatory drawings, instruction exercises, and practical applications of each lesson.

Bible History is a better religious program, perhaps because it is dramatic. One episode is narrated daily. At the beginning, directors of the radio

school thought that the other programs would serve as an enticement for learning religion, but the contrary has been proven. Practically all students come primarily for the religion classes. Then, because of the novelty of the radio, they stay to listen to other programs.

Equipment needed by radio schools follows a definite pattern. It should consist of the following: radio receiver, antenna, alarm clock, blackboard, attendance book, textbooks, flipcharts, notebooks and a flag.

The radio receiver is the key, of course. It is the teacher. Without it, there is no radio school.

The first receivers were the battery type, set at a fixed frequency of 620 kilocycles. However, the batteries cost \$8 and had to be imported from New York. Even if they could have been purchased in Bolivia, the cost would have been prohibitive for the poor Aymaras. Last year a transistorized receiver became available. It works on simple flashlight batteries and meets the needs of radio schools.

Previously, the antenna caused some problems. Rural people had no idea of its purpose or why it had to be insulated, and many did not get good reception from the small-powered receiver. Since then, antenna kits have been distributed with the radios.

Because rural people tell time by the sun, a clock of some sort was necessary. The best type proved to be an alarm clock. It not only kept time but also, if set, reminded the teacher of scheduled programs.

The first blackboards were made locally of wood, and were given to the schools, along with supplies of chalk. They were built cheaply, but served their purpose. However, they were

cumbersome to carry around. As a result, new ones consist of a black, rubberized fabric that makes a good blackboard and is readily transportable.

Attendance used to be controlled by monthly slips which proved inefficient. Now an attendance book serves for a whole year, and also has a detachable record clip to be sent to the parish center once a month. Control of attendance is needed to evaluate the success of radio schools.

Textbooks are the most important factors in the instruction. With a lack of trained personnel and the need for more thoughtful study on the part of students, a workbook style of text has proved its effectiveness. As much as possible, each text consists of a lesson, an explanation, and simple exercises that can be corrected by the students themselves.

Flip-charts are valuable aids in teaching reading and Spanish. Individual notebooks can be used in most classes, since they encourage the students to make note of important points and express them in their own way.

A special flag is given to all radio schools as a symbol and, especially, as a signal. Because bells are ineffective over the great distances to be covered, some sort of visual signal is needed. The radio-school flag is hoisted on a staff to show that classes are in session.

Responsible for all this equipment is the Helper, the backbone of each school-of-the-air. He is the local custodian. He takes care of the radio and the school materials. He puts up the flag. He records attendance and controls discipline. He aids in the explanations of classes by following the instructions given by the radio-teacher. He serves as local leader of student

clubs. He tries to recruit new students. He turns in monthly reports to the pastor.

Each Helper is chosen by local people, or appointed by local officials of his community. Preferably, he is married, or at least is twenty years old. He should have a command of Spanish, an interest in helping his fellow men, and leadership qualities. In class he is a Helper, but outside he is a leader in his community.

The Helper, in order to handle his job effectively, must be trained. At first, all Helpers were brought into Penas every three or four months, for a three-day training period. At that time they were given intensive courses in reading, writing, arithmetic, religion, and agriculture. At the end of the period, each Helper received a diploma-identity card, which was valid for a four-month period.

Because of transportation difficulties and the increased numbers of Helpers, their training has been revised. Now, before the beginning of the school year, training weeks for regions are conducted, in four or five different centers. A training team consisting of technicians for education, agriculture, health and religion, all headed by the director of the radio schools, gives intensive reviews of all courses to be taught during the year.

To keep in contact and to continue their education, the Helpers attend a monthly meeting at the parish center, for more training and explanation. They also make reports, air difficulties, and obtain new material. A monthly news-sheet and a special weekly class by radio, for the Helpers, are being considered. These will be needed definitely in the future to keep up their interest and zeal. For the distant future, a permanent training institute at Penas is planned. This will enable the director and his staff to set up a more thorough program.

Parish representatives are important for the success of the radio schools, too. They are needed because of the lack of priests. The pastor is director of radio schools in his parish, but generally delegates much of the work. His parish representative visits the schools regularly, keeps track of their administration, takes care of reports, orders materials, and presides over monthly meetings. Ideally, he should be an educated man with leadership qualities.

The radio schools have shown themselves to be worthwhile and necessary for the rapid, mass education of the rural people of Bolivia. Such schools need, however, more trained personnel and further financial backing, to fully accomplish their purpose. ■■

Recently the parents of a marine killed in the Korean War gave \$150 to Maryknoll's new seminary in St. Louis, as a memorial to their son. While they were writing the check, another war-mother whispered to her husband, "We should give the same thing for our son."

"That doesn't make much sense," replied the father. "Our boy wasn't killed in Korea."

"But that's exactly why it does make sense," said the mother. "Let's do it because his life was spared."



At a Maryknoll mission on Formosa, last touches are put on outdoor crib.

Christmas on the Missions

THE STORY of Christmas is a universal one—confined to no one race or people. In every land, even those where religion is in hiding, there are men, women and children who will kneel before a crib of straw and worship a humble Child.

The story of Christmas is one that touches the heart. It is a feast that the simplest can understand, yet one that the wisest can never fully fathom.

Usually great heroes are imagined at the height of their power. It is only Christ alone that draws the world to a poor cave where an Infant rests.

This is the story that missionaries around the world will tell all who will listen. This is the story that has been told for two thousand years. This is the story that almost two billion men do not yet know despite so many centuries of effort.



Who ever heard of Christmas without a party? These Japanese have one.



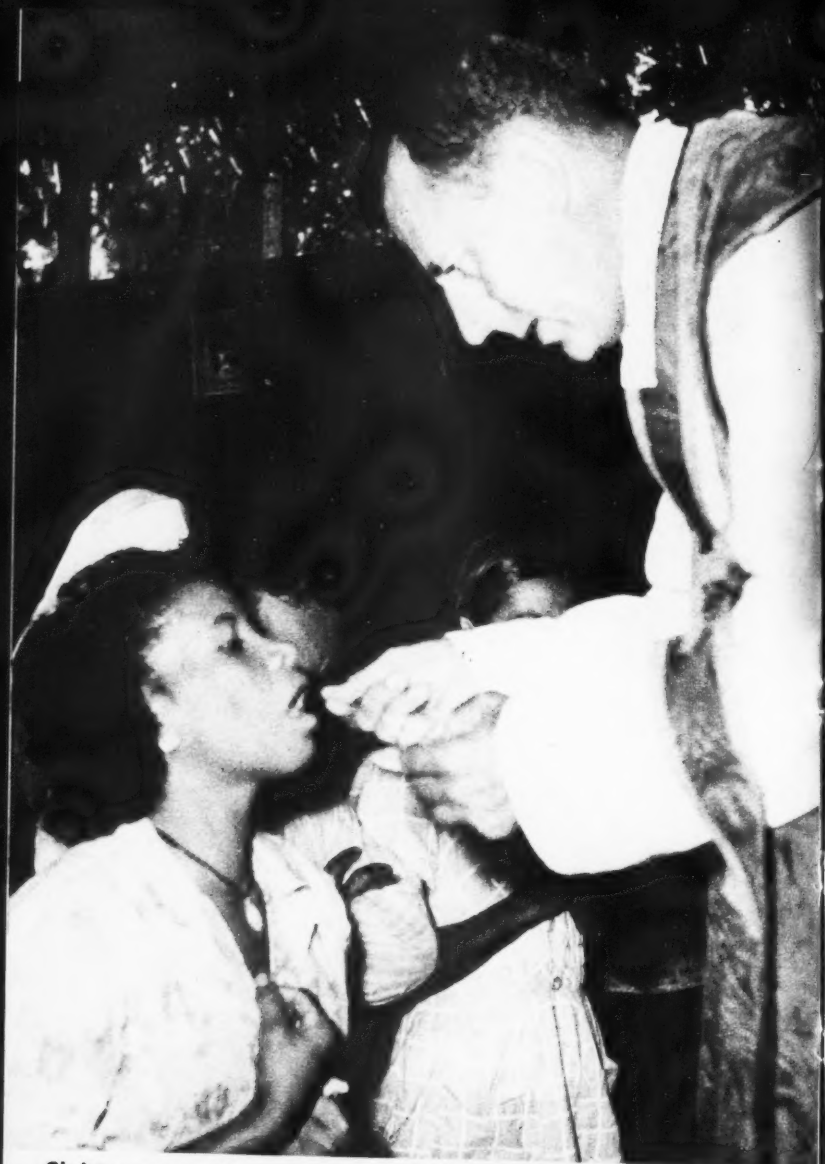
The traditional Christmas play at a Maryknoll mission in Kyoto, Japan.



THE WORLD'S ARTISTS TELL THE NATIVITY STORY

ARTISTS of many lands have painted the Nativity story in hues of their own countries. Above, an Ecuadorian representation finds Joseph and Mary in Bethlehem, seeking an inn. The classic style of India (right) portrays the Nativity. The Church has always encouraged people to see Christ from the viewpoint of their own cultures.



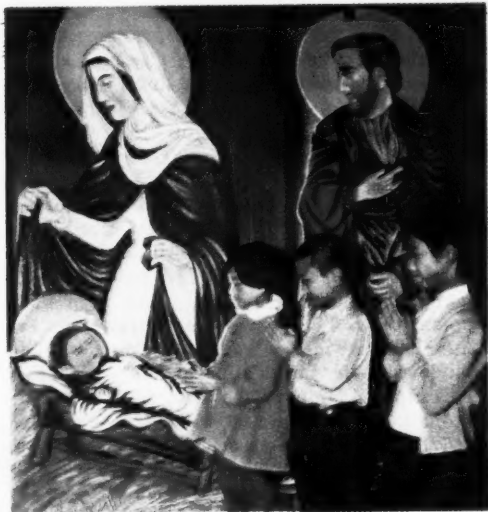


Christ comes to the people of jungle Bolivia through a missionary's hand.



Wreaths are fashioned by willing hands to decorate a church on Formosa.

DOLAN



A life-size creche and hands joined in prayer tell a universal story.

Death is not an end of life, but rather, a beginning.

MEDITATION BY MIDNIGHT

I HAVE a sore throat tonight, so I drink a pot of steaming tea, sip some cough syrup, and go to bed early. But I wake up shortly before eleven to a persistent thumping on the rectory door and an excited voice urging me to come quickly, very quickly, because old Monica Kim is dying.

Muttering something about the odd habit Koreans have of dying at inconvenient hours, I tumble out of bed, dress haphazardly, pack the oils, and start walking the cold three miles to Flower Petal Village.

Within the hour Monica's shack appears on the starless horizon. In an open doorway, a single oil lamp burns, throwing an orange carpet of light across the threshold—beckoning me, inviting me to enter. I walk inside, and one glance tells me that Monica is, indeed, dying.

I know this is my first visit to Monica's shack, yet I've been here before, more than one hundred times: up and down the length of my parish, ushering the dying to God. Always the mud walls, the thatch roof, and the flickering oil lamp are the same, like props in a one-act play that never ends.

What a great leveler is death. At the bed of Monica Kim—the village seam-

stress who walked about in rags—the rich kneel next to the poor in rare familiarity to watch the final unveiling of God's providence.

Even Monica's son is here. Twenty years ago, with his mother's blessing upon his forehead, he walked from Flower Petal to seek his fortune. Now he is a powerful business man with an estate in Seoul. But this night as he kneels at the foot of Monica's bed, even he is forced to think about something besides profit-and-loss statements.

As I apply the sacred oil to Monica's face, hands, and feet, I notice the slate-like texture of her skin, the callouses, bruises, and distended veins. Fifty years of drudgery have left their mark on Monica, fifty years of hard work and extraordinary sacrifice. She gave all of her precious coins to her son so that he could study at the best schools in Seoul, eat well, wear the proper clothes, entertain the right people.

Finally, for the first time in twenty years, he returns to the village and the bed of his birth. And I'm quite certain that the rich, handsome gentleman standing at my side doesn't really care for his mother at all. I find it difficult to even look at so ungrateful a creature.

With her last few breaths, Monica



attempts to reach her son with tender words of endearment. He listens, a little embarrassed, perhaps even bored—incapable of making any reply.

Now I understand why Monica is always the last person to leave church, why the village children call her “the praying mouse.” All is for him. Even now, on her last midnight, she still struggles for his soul. In her plain, peasant style, with words of compassion only mothers can utter, she fights for the spiritual rebirth of her son. She begs him, entreats him, teases him. Her theology is poor, her arguments shallow. But beneath her words, burns a flame of love no faithless man can extinguish.

The effort is too much. Monica Kim gasps in pain, looks steadily at her son, tries to smile, sighs instead, quietly dies.

I finish the prayers of the Church. Then as I remove my stole, the thought strikes me that, even though Monica no longer needs me, there is still her son, very much alive and much in need.

Before he can move away from me I take him by the sleeve and tell him that just as he has returned this night to his earthly home, so now is the time

to return to his spiritual home. He smiles, and tells me that my words are very true, and that he is stirred to repentance. But he sounds too grateful, too sincere. He promises me in flawless Korean, that he will be at Sunday Mass the next day, and that he will seek me out for confession. He shakes my hand, thanks me, and strides from the shack into the night.

Of course, he won't come to Mass—not tomorrow, or next week, or thereafter. He will return to his whirling, commercial “circus” in Seoul, and spend his years doubling, perhaps tripling, his fortune. I sense I shall never see him again.

Yet—who knows? Monica is as much his mother now as she was a few minutes ago. Her real work in the farthest realms of eternity is beginning. And therefore, even though her son doesn't realize it, he is marked for God.

I walk from Flower Petal Village. As I pass the bus depot I see Monica's son standing there, reading the schedule. I wave to him, but he pretends not to see me and turns his face into the wind. No matter. I'm confident that in some inscrutable manner, at a place unknown and in a time uncertain, our paths will cross again. ■ ■

**Youthful ammunition carrier
follows soldiers off plane.**





By William J. Richardson, M.M.

After ten years in Burma's jungles, these men face an uncertain future.

Chinese Guerrillas Come Home

Veterans of a most-unusual war tended farms between battles.

BEWILDERED" best describes the first arrivals of Chinese guerrillas airlifted from Burmese jungles to Taiwan. The 647 irregulars, a third of them boys, were flown into southern Taiwan, to the airbase of Pingtung, from Chieng Mei in northern Thailand. Flights of C-46 transports arrived hourly throughout the night, each carrying about fifty guerrilla fighters.

Leading the first group was Colonel Li Li-ming, aged forty-one, a regimental commander of the Nationalist 93rd Division. He had retreated with

his troops from China into the jungles of Burma ten years ago. They settled in the north, lived off the land, and established bases from which they could harrass the Reds. Colonel Li estimates that his irregulars fought more than 300 battles with the Communists since 1950. Their presence in Burma, however, was a source of embarrassment to that country's Government. After long negotiations, Chiang Kai-shek's Government agreed early this year to provide planes to transport the guerrillas to Taiwan.

Filing out of the first plane, were fifty-one men and boys, wearing new Nationalist uniforms that had been issued to them in Thailand before their departure. They waved paper Nationalist flags. One man carried a large lithograph of President Chiang Kai-shek, obviously printed in Taiwan. Most wore rubber sneakers and carried bedrolls covered with green plastic sheeting for waterproofing.

Chinese Army and Air Force officials were on hand to greet the irregulars. Loudspeakers blared out military marches. Photographers and mosquitoes swarmed as dusk fell. Twilight was momentarily dispelled by bright flood lights and winking flash bulbs. Acting quickly, a squad of Chinese soldiers sprayed the arrivals with DDT, filling the air with its pungent smell and smarting the eyes of soldiers and newsmen alike.

The new arrivals, seemingly lost, were swept along in the efficient Nationalist procedure. Trucks transported them to an Army academy near the airfield, where they were registered, issued clean clothes, fed, and assigned to dormitories for an overnight stay. The next morning, they marched aboard a ten-coach train and rode to their relocation center at Chung Kung-Ling ("Mount Success"), south of Taichung City in central Taiwan.

In general, the irregulars were a sturdy lot, browned from the sub-tropical jungle fighting and farming. For ten years, they had been planting fields and fighting off Chinese Communist attacks. Some had retreated with their families; others later married Burmese girls. Still others had remained single. Many of the Burmese wives refused to come to Taiwan, pre-

ferring to stay in their native land with their families.

Hardship seems to be the lot of most of the new arrivals. Families have been broken. No farm land is available for them. For some, a common language is a problem. Four of the young fellows were Shan tribesmen of Burma and could not understand questions put to them in three Chinese dialects. Without money, friends, or jobs, many of the former guerrillas will volunteer for the Army.

These irregulars (Nationalists do not consider them part of their Army) have been thorns in the Reds' side for ten years. They fought Chinese Communist soldiers and gave refuge to thousands of escaping refugees from the mainland of China. They also have been the cause of various international complications involving Burma, Thailand, Free China, Red China, and the United States.

In Pingtung, eleven-year-old Chou Tse-chang marched down the ramp carrying his pack like a seasoned soldier. Tse-chang has never seen the inside of a schoolroom. He joined the guerrillas after his parents died two years ago, and has been earning his ration as an ammunition carrier in combat. Another lad on the same plane was only fifteen years old.

At the relocation center, Mr. Cheng Yu-neng, twenty-six, and his twenty-five-year-old wife told of their flight from Kunming, on the Chinese mainland, to Burma in 1957. They had to leave their only child, a boy of six, with an uncle. They joined the guerrilla forces a year later.

Eight-year-old Li Shao-yen impressed onlookers with her striking beauty: her big brown eyes, and her



At the age of eleven, Chou Tse-chang (held aloft by pilot Lu Ping-chi) knows a great deal about guerrilla warfare. He has never been to school.



Old beyond their years, Chinese youths fought experienced Red soldiers.

Chinese appearance combine with the softening features of her Burmese mother. Shao-yen's father, a guerrilla, was captured by Chinese Communists. Her mother decided to remain in her native Burmese village, and the little girl has been adopted by Colonel Li Li-ning.

The most graphic description of guerrilla life in Burma was supplied by Colonel Shih Ping-hsin, a regimental commander who had about 3,000 men under him. They lived scattered through a wide area. Since they did not have enough rice to eat, they bartered for some with the Burmese and the Thais.

"When there was no fighting, we grew grains, potatoes, and fruits," recalled Colonel Shih. "We also hunted for tigers and deer. Whenever there was some fighting to do, we simply got together and fought."

Chinese people from Yunnan continually made their way into the guerrilla territory. Last winter, more than 3,000 families arrived, totaling nearly 10,000 people. They wanted to join the fight against the Communists immediately, but had to undergo a probation period before they could qualify for the guerrillas.

Colonel Shih pinpointed his area of operations as being in the militant Shan state, along the disputed border between China and Burma. He said the Shans are strongly anti-Communist, and therefore gave full cooperation to the Chinese guerrillas. Conditions in the mountainous territory were primitive and tough.

"We depended on messengers to relay orders and information to the units," explained Colonel Shih. "Each unit had a transistor radio. That was



Married guerrilla team, Mr. and Mrs. Cheng Yu-neng, talk to reporters.

the only thing keeping us posted on what was happening around the world.

"Although we were only about sixty miles from the highway that the Burmese Army built for campaigns against us, our area was hilly and hard to negotiate. We traveled by mules and ponies. The Reds, when they attacked us, also had to use mules and ponies.

"But we did not get into any serious fighting with the Burmese troops. The hard campaigns were fought against the Communists, who came from Yunnan, Szechuan, and Kweichow provinces. They were all equipped with modern, Russian weapons."

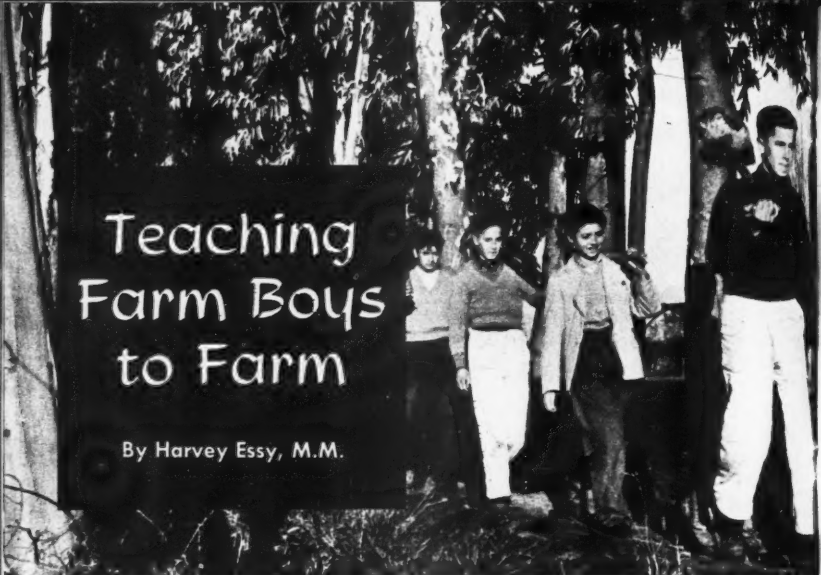
Colonel Shih also revealed that two Catholic priests had been with the group. They taught the Chinese guerrillas, and baptized those who wished to become Catholics. The Colonel could not identify them by name; he

simply called them "The French Father" and "The Italian Father." Colonel Shih, who is not a Christian, credited the priests with instilling spiritual principles important for morale.

"The two Fathers were with us all throughout those years," he added. "They gave us the spiritual uplift we badly needed. It is too bad that they could not come along with us."

Despite past hardships of the jungle and those that the airlifted guerrillas now face, a few touches of humor can be found in their generally grim story. They are presenting the Chinese Air Force a rather difficult problem. Some of the battle group owned mules on their Burmese farms, and they want the animals airlifted to Taiwan.

One onlooker remarked that it's well the irregulars weren't in Laos. They might have owned elephants. ■■



Teaching Farm Boys to Farm

By Harvey Essy, M.M.

THE COUNTRY named Chile is readily identified on any map of Latin America because of its unusual shape. In fact, Chile is often referred to as "the string-bean country," or "the spinal column." And with good reason: it is 2,700 miles long (the distance from Philadelphia to San Francisco), with an average width of only 100 miles.

Viewed from the standpoint of geoeconomics, however, there are three Chiles: the Atacama Desert of the north—sunbaked and arid, but fabulously endowed with copper and nitrates; the Central Valley, which comprises the agricultural and industrial heart of the country; and the southerly region below Valdivia—an untouched wilderness of glaciers, lakes, and forest.

More than thirty-five per cent of Chile's seven million people are en-

gaged in agricultural enterprises. Yet less than one quarter of all potential farmland is under cultivation. In the rich Central Valley region, the major amount of good land is controlled by a handful of *fundo* owners, or patrons. They employ vast numbers of illiterate farm families, at such low wages that it is impossible for the families to become financially independent.

To help bring about a more-equitable economy in the Central Valley, Maryknollers conduct an agricultural school outside the city of Molina, for the sons of *fundo* workers. The Maryknoll objective is twofold: to give farm boys technical training, so that they can eventually improve their economic status; and to create a corps of literate youth with strong moral fiber.

Currently, five Chilean professors

and three Maryknoll Brothers teach 145 boarding students at Molina School. All are under the direction of Father Raymond A. Hill, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. The courses include gardening, stock-raising, bee-keeping, arboriculture, carpentry, and metal work. These technical subjects are balanced with classes in history, civics, math, chemistry, sociology, and of course religion.

In addition to participating in group-farming projects on the school's 70-acre tract of land, each student cultivates his own truck garden. It is about one-quarter of an acre large, and he produces corn, beans, potatoes, wheat.

Molina School owns 300 chickens, eight hogs, two cows, two calves, and about twenty rabbits. It's no secret that, as the school year progresses, the boys, whose average age is fifteen, tend to regard the livestock as pets rather than "subject matter." And it's a bad day for all concerned, whenever a teacher summons enough courage to demonstrate slaughtering techniques.

The cost of boarding and educating a single student at Molina School for one year comes to \$105. Perhaps this doesn't seem like much; but the fact that none of the students is able to pay even partial tuition creates a severe strain on the budget.

For the past decade, Maryknoll has been graduating about fifty future farmers each year. This is impressive. But actually, three times as many youths should be graduating annually



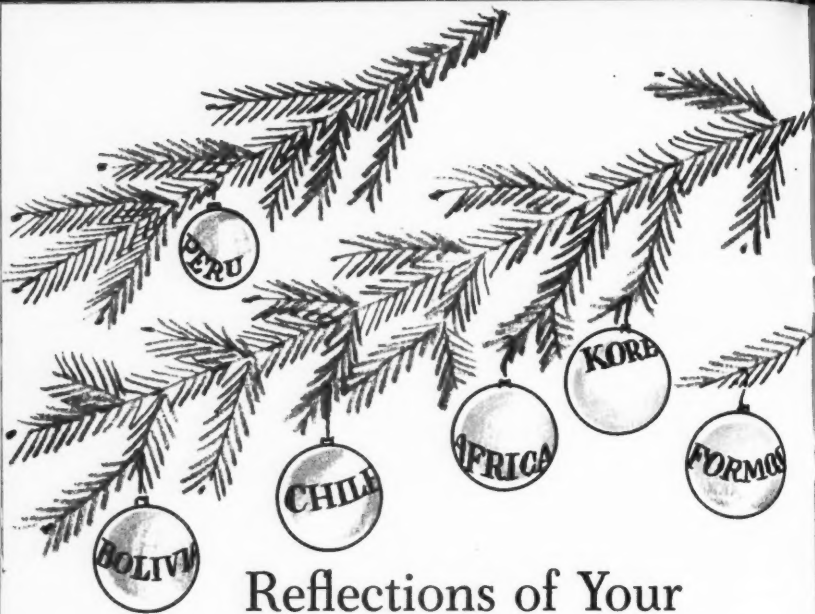
Readin', writin', and chicken feedin'

if Molina School is to have any permanent effect upon the Central Valley.

As soon as money is available, Father Hill will begin an ambitious expansion program. It will include two new dormitories, five classrooms, an experimental greenhouse, and a variety of heavy farm machinery.

The growth of the school is not merely a question of money. Time, also, is a key factor. For at this moment, other groups, dedicated to violent rather than peaceful reform, are capitalizing on the economic injustices and hardships of Chile's farming class. Maryknollers believe that institutions like Molina School offer the most realistic solution. But time is short! ■■

Christmas Gifts Without Strings truly symbolize the spirit of giving. You can be a real live Santa Claus to a deserving person by means of a gift of MARYKNOLL magazine! Procedure is simple: Send us one dollar designated for "stringless magazine gift," and we'll see to it that our monthly mission magazine will be sent for an entire year to someone who otherwise would be without it.



Reflections of Your Charity at Christmas

Above are only six of the thirteen mission countries where devoted Maryknoll missionaries labor for the salvation of souls. While American children are surrounded in mounds of gifts this Christmas, many native tots will go to bed hungry and cold.

As a contributor to our Christmas Charity Fund, you will be helping Maryknoll brighten a child's world at some far-off outpost of the mission world.

**The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.**

12-61

Dear Fathers,

Enclosed is \$..... for your Christmas Charity Fund. I wish to help those less fortunate to have a Happy Christmas.

Name

Address

City Zone State

**We have no one to turn to
save our own Maryknoll
"family"—YOU. Please help!
You can dry the tears of a
less fortunate girl or boy
this Christmas.**

Problem: How to bring Christ to Kameyama, Japan, where the Buddhist influence prevails.

Solution: Play on their cultural tastes, reach the people with music, movies, lectures and English courses.



**One American
Among 30,000
Japanese**

The strong Japanese desire for education will inevitably inspire a search for truth. Then watch the Church flourish, avers Father Joseph S. Pulaski, M.M., of Meriden, Conn. In Kameyama, Father is the only westerner among 30,000 native-born residents. To reach these people, he offers a steady diet of movies, music, lectures.

**What he did
you can do!**

Through these mediums Father hopes to lead them on the road to Catholicism.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

12-61

Dear Fathers: Please send me information on becoming a Maryknoll

☐ **Priest**

☐ **Brother**

☐ **Sister**

(check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name

Street

City **Zone** **State**

Age **School** **Grade**

ETC. ACCORDION... 3. SAMA, 574 Bway, NYC
50-70% reduction. Brochure, GR 7-3219

OFFICE FURNITURE

STEEL CLOTHES LOCKERS
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2,500 all sizes, all styles, low prices.
CONTINENTAL, 340 BWAY, WO 4-6510

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ACADEMY, 371 Canal St, WO 6-0986

DRAWING TABOURETS steel cabi-
nets, wood unfinished, 18x36, 18x30, 18x24, 18x18, 18x12, 18x10, 18x8, 18x6, 18x4, 18x3, 18x2, 18x1, 18x0.5, 18x0.25, 18x0.125, 18x0.0625, 18x0.03125, 18x0.015625, 18x0.0078125, 18x0.00390625, 18x0.001953125, 18x0.0009765625, 18x0.00048828125, 18x0.000244140625, 18x0.0001220703125, 18x0.00006103515625, 18x0.000030517578125, 18x0.0000152587890625, 18x0.00000762939453125, 18x0.000003814697265625, 18x0.0000019073486328125, 18x0.00000095367431640625, 18x0.000000476837158203125, 18x0.0000002384185791015625, 18x0.00000011920928955078125, 18x0.000000059604644775390625, 18x0.0000000298023223876953125, 18x0.00000001490116119384765625, 18x0.000000007450580596923828125, 18x0.0000000037252902984619140625, 18x0.00000000186264514923095703125, 18x0.000000000931322574615478515625, 18x0.0000000004656612873077392578125, 18x0.00000000023283064365386962890625, 18x0.000000000116415321826934814453125, 18x0.0000000000582076609134674071765625, 18x0.00000000002910383045673370358828125, 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Will his Christmas be a merry one, too?

■ IN many parts of the world, this Christmas will be another day of hunger, coldness, and despair. The face of this Chilean child reflects the sadness and hopelessness that will fill the hearts of the countless people in mission lands who will be without the comfort of God's words, without decent shelter, without sufficient

food or clothing. In all your planning and spending, giving and receiving, please remember our Christmas Charity Fund. You will aid the Church in her mission activities, spread God's word, and strike a blow for good in an age when evil is strong and militant. Won't you help to make his Christmas merry?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

12-61

Dear Fathers:

I wish to contribute \$..... towards the Christmas Charity Fund in order to help the underprivileged peoples in mission lands.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Who will take his place?



FATHER WILLIAM CUMMINGS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., WAS A MISSIONER IN THE PHILIPPINES WHEN WORLD WAR II BEGAN. HE BECAME A CHAPLAIN. HE SURVIVED THE BATAAN SIEGE AND THE INFAMOUS MARCH OF DEATH.

AUTHOR OF THE PHRASE, "NO ATHEISTS IN FOX-HOLES," FATHER CUMMINGS WAS TAKEN PRISONER. HE DIED OF FEVER, THIRST, HUNGER, ON A PRISON SHIP. HIS BODY, THROWN INTO THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC, WAS NEVER FOUND.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

